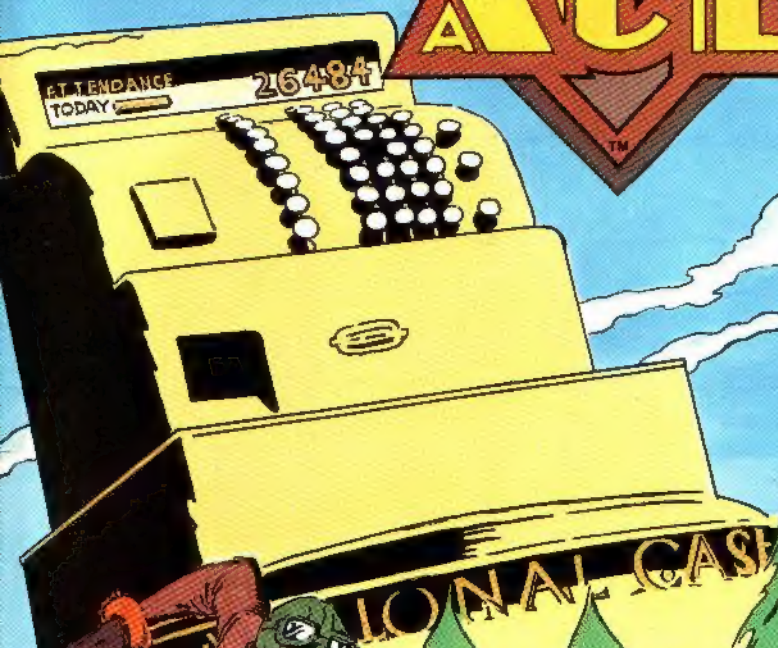


by Doug Moench, Dan Day and Nestor Redondo

\$7.75 in USA  
\$2.50 in Canada  
6

# AZTEC XOCIE



## TIME BOMB



DAN  
DAY  
&  
NESTOR  
REDONDO



# Notes from SURE CITY

by Jan & Dean Mullaney

Dm

## SABRE BREAKS OUT!

The new storyline by Don McGregor and the incredible art of Jose Ortiz have been cited as the two overriding reasons that SABRE has again taken its place among the finest books in the market.

And we comics fans aren't the only ones to notice the big changes in the book. Nosiree! Just a few short weeks ago, WNEW-TV in New York aired a special segment of their 10:00 p.m. news program with none other than SABRE and his creator Don McGregor. If you don't live in the New York area (or didn't tune in), you missed seeing Don, complete with Sabre t-shirt proudly emblazoned across his chest! Don talked a bit about SABRE, showing the original art for issue no. 11 by Jose, and painted colors by Rene Reynolds. He also got in a few good points about creators rights in comics and the reasons he is doing SABRE in the first place.

All in all, it was a great plug for us and for comics in general. WNEW shot an hour and a half's worth of footage of Don, and we are having the tape edited down to about fifteen minutes. This tape will soon be available to all comics conventions, providing a very interesting and unique interview with one of the most enthusiastic creators in the field. (And just to nip those rumors in the bud, no, there is no truth to the report that Don will soon take over as the news anchorperson on WNEW's 10:00 news program! He says he'd rather write SABRE any time!)



## FUTURE SHOCK!

SABRE will also be on display at the Museum of Science and Space Transit Planetarium in Miami, Florida. Considering that Sabre, Melissa and crew are currently hanging out on the beaches of The Sunshine State, we can't think of a more appropriate place to honor the futuristic happenings in the book. The museum is having an exhibit dealing with possible futures, and they invited us to participate. So, if you're down in that area, stop on by the museum. They're located at 3280 South Miami Avenue. And tell 'em Eclipse sent you!

## HEY!! KIDS COMICS

The "Eclipse Free Comics Giveaway and Original Art Sweepstakes" conducted at this past summer's San Diego and Dallas conventions turned out to be huge successes. We ended up giving away thousands of comics, including back issues of DNAGENTS, ECLIPSE MONTHLY, SCORPIO ROSE, MS. TREE and DESTROYER DUCK.

The "Original Art Sweepstakes" drew entries from just about everyone in sight, including writers, artists and even editors from other comics companies! The prizes: seven pages of *Masked Man* art by B.C. Boyer! While none of the above mentioned writers, artists or editors were among the winners, we're glad to announce here those who were lucky enough to win a page of B.C.'s original art. Congratulations are in order to Michael Cisneras, Dave Soglinzzo, Barbara J. Randall and Tony Medlet, all from California, and Chuck Royal (who was wearing a ZOT! t-shirt when he picked up his prize!), David Whittaker and some guy whose first name is Niels and whose last name we can't seem to locate, all from the grand state of Texas. Congratulations one and all!

## THE BOOK YOU DEMANDED WE PUBLISH!

Every comic book company has one series that is consistently voted by readers as being "Most Deserving of its Own Title." We are no exception.

Since its first appearance in the black-and-white *Eclipse Magazine*, B.C. Boyer's "The Masked Man" has gathered so much positive response that we have been inundated with requests . . . demands! . . . for a solo *Masked Man* book.

Well, we're finally able to give you what you've so vehemently been asking for. *THE MASKED MAN* no. 1 goes on sale in December, with a re-telling of the origin story from the hard-to-find *Eclipse Magazine* no. 7 and 8. Told through the eyes of a witness, television camera man Jon Athens, this tale is contained within a present-time adventure in which Dick Carstairs, alias the Masked Man, becomes involved in the political machinations of Mayor Dooright. Because the *Eclipse Magazine* issues are so rare, many fans do not know how Dick, a non-superpowered costumed crimefighter, came to take on the identity of The Masked Man, and this first issue fills in all the details. It also continues the existing sub-plots such as Dick's love affair with the mysterious blind woman, Maggie Brown; his repeated encounters with The Amazing Aphid-Man; and his deep friendship with the dwarf newspaper reporter, Barney McAllister.

Also appearing in *MASKED MAN* no. 1 is a short story called "Hiram Nash," written by Eric Yarber and illustrated by Val Mayerik. Nash is a hard-boiled detective with a "Dear Abby" complex.

With *THE MASKED MAN* beginning as a new title in December, we bid a fond farewell to *ECLIPSE MONTHLY*, which completes its run with no. 10, on sale now with a gorgeous Doug Wildey cover. Look for it . . . and for *THE MASKED MAN* no. 1.

Until next month . . .





"WHEN I CONSIDER THE SMALL SPAN OF MY  
LIFE ABSORBED IN THE ETERNITY OF ALL  
TIME, OR THE SMALL PART OF SPACE WHICH  
I CAN SEE ENGULFED BY THE IMMENSITIES  
OF SPACES THAT I KNOW NOT AND THAT  
KNOW ME NOT, I AM FRIGHTENED AND  
ASTONISHED TO SEE MYSELF HERE INSTEAD  
OF THERE... NOW INSTEAD OF THEN."  
-- BLAISE PASCAL

"FULL OF SPECTACLE AND REVERIE,  
THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR OF  
1939-40 HELD THE KEYS TO THE  
FUTURE IN A MIXTURE OF PROFOUND  
WONDER AND BREEZY HONKY-TONK."  
-- KENNETH C. SPENCE

"I DON'T WANT TO SET  
THE WORLD ON FIRE; I  
JUST WANT TO START A  
FLAME IN YOUR HEART..."  
-- WORDS OF A ONCE-  
POPULAR SONG

EDITOR -  
CAT @  
YRONWODE

COLORIST -  
PHIL DE WALT

LETTERERS -  
ESPHIDYM &  
PETE SULIT

ARTIST/  
PENCILS -  
DAN  
DAY

WRITER -  
DOUG  
MOENCH

ARTIST/  
INKS -  
NESTOR  
REDONDO



# TIME BOMB



**THE DROWN-FALL OF A SLUG:** "THE FACT THAT THE WATER IS ABLE TO MOVE SUGGESTS THAT THE SLIME-FUEL CATALYST WILL NOT BE WATER SOLUBLE, AND BY THE TIME THE SLUG EMERGES FROM THE WATCH AND CRAWLS UP THE INSIDE OF THE AQUALON TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE AIR, I WILL BE SAFELY CRUISING THE MELD..."  
 --- SOME OF RINALDO RED-GAUNT'S FAMOUS LAST WORDS



SO RINALDO HAD SOME TIME-CORROSIVE ACID IN A POCKET WATCH, TO BE CATALYZED BY TIME-TRAVEL FUEL-- AND YOU SHOT A HOLE THROUGH THE WATCH, MIXING THE TWO SUBSTANCES AND THEREBY BURNING A TIME-HOLE... LETTING THAT GOOFY TRICERATOPS COME THROUGH, EVEN AS ALL NATIVE-TIMERS WERE "FROZEN" INTO STATUES...

RIGHT SO FAR, BRIDGET?

UH-HUH-- AND THEN RINALDO SHUT THE HOLE BY YANKING THE WATCH OUT OF THE GATEWAY LOCUS--AND HE RAN OFF IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER LOCUS...

HE SAID SLUG-SLIME WOULD CATALYZE THE ACID-SLUG JUST AS WELL AS FUEL-- AND HE SWIPE ONE OF MY SLUGS.

SINCE THE SLUG AND THE WATCH ARE NOW GONE, HE MUST'VE STASHED THEM IN ANOTHER LOCUS-- AND IF HE MANAGED TO RIG HIS SAME THIRTY-MINUTE DELAY, WE HAVE LESS THAN THAT BEFORE HISTORY WRITES ITS LAST PAGE.



# SEWARE FIESTA

AND I SMASHED HIM SO HARD WITH THESE FIESTA WARE PLATES THAT IT MIGHT BE HOURS BEFORE HE WAKES UP TO TELL US WHERE HE PUT THE SLUG...

BITING THE HAND THAT NEEDS IT

NOT TO WORRY, ACEY-DEUCE -- THE UGLY PUG'S A PAL OF MINE.

BRIDGET... THAT'S A DINOSAUR.

YEAH, BUT I GOT A WAY WITH BEASTS-- EVEN THE ONES WHO AIN'T MEN.

SEE? I TOLD YA HE LIKES ME.

WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE LICKED MY HA--

SNUF

MRAWRR

HOOBOY.

THINK I'D BEST BE RUNNING ALONG NOW.

THE WHOLE GOAL IS TO DESTROY OUR TIMELINE IN SOME HELLISH HASH HE CALLED "COLLIDING ERAS" -- AND HAVING SOTTEN A MILD TASTE OF IT, ALL I CAN SAY IS... PTUI.

MRAWRR

ACE, YOU JUST KEEP YOUR WISEASS SNOUT SHUT.

I THOUGHT YOU HAD A WAY WITH --

LUCKILY, HE'S AVOIDING ALL THE FROZEN NATIVE-TIMERS...

RINALDO SAID THEY'RE NOT FROZEN.

INSTEAD, WE'RE EXISTING HYPER-FAST -- IN THE MOMENT BETWEEN MOMENTS.

APPARENTLY OUR TRIPLE-PRONGED GUEST ISN'T QUITE SO SQUEAMISH... AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HE'S A VEGETARIAN.



PHALLIC  
TRILOGY OF  
HORNINESS

RIGHT-- BUT NOT  
FAST ENOUGH IF WE DON'T  
REACH MY STOLEN EBONATI  
SHIFT-VEHICLE STASHED  
IN THE ITALIA  
PAVILION--

-- BEFORE OUR  
HORNY FRIEND  
REACHES US.

SPEAKING  
OF HORNY  
FRIENDS,  
ACE ...

IF ONE OF US DOESN'T  
POLITELY CONVINCE HEAD TO  
KNOCK OFF THE MASHER  
ACT, I'M GONNA HAVTA  
BUST HIM IN THE CHORS...

... AND THAT'S  
ONLY 'CAUSE HE  
LACKS A BELT!  
I CAN HIT  
BELO--

OOPS!

BUMP  
WOBBLE  
WOBBLE

WHA--?

LOOK OUT,  
ACE!

I DIVE TO  
THE SIDE,  
BUT--

THE  
DINOSAUR  
CAN'T  
STOP--!

BULL IN A TIME-CHOP

STEADY, BOY--  
I WOULDN'T  
WANT  
YA TO  
BREAK.

HE'S HURLING INTO THE  
STASH-SITE!

"BOIT"--?

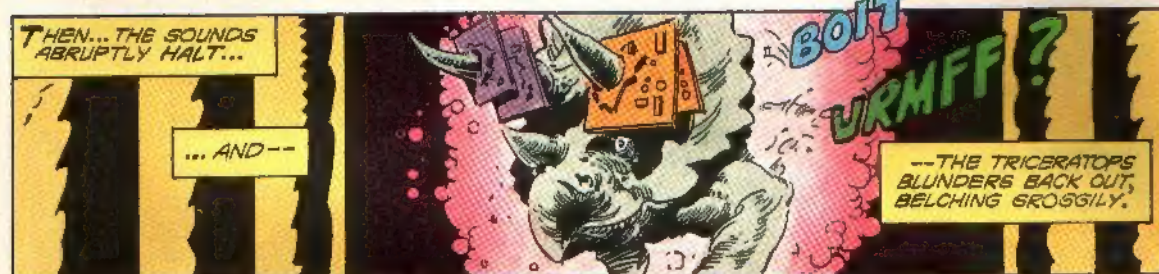
BOIT

BUT I  
THOUGHT  
THE HATCH  
HAD TO BE  
PROGRAMMED  
TO ACCEPT  
SPECIFIC  
MOLE-  
CULES--

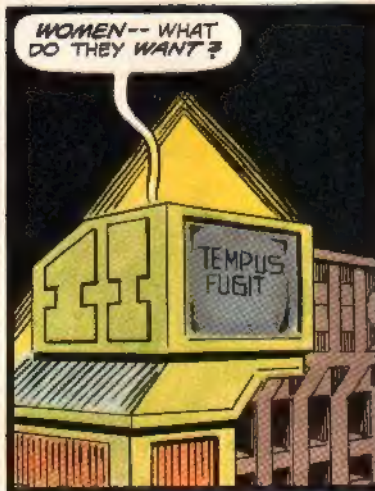
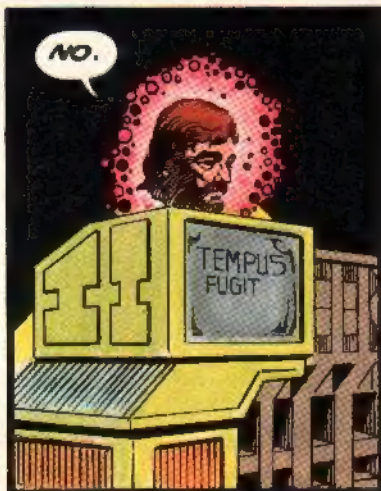
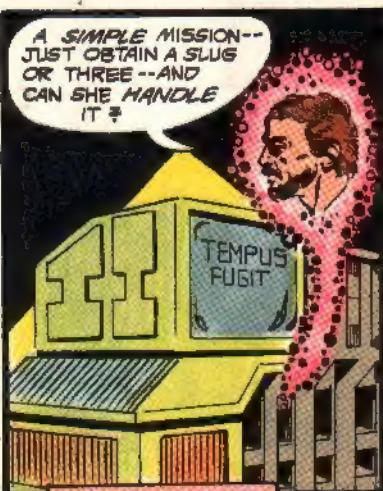
--AND ANYONE WHOSE MOLECULES WERE NOT PROGRAMMED  
WERE PREVENTED FROM BRIDGING  
THE DIMENSIONAL MATRIX...

... MEANING THE  
WOMB-STASH  
WOULD BE  
LOCKED AND  
PERCEIVED  
AS A  
NORMAL  
AREA.











## THE MOUTH THAT POURED

SO TELL ME:  
WHY DO YOU HAVE  
TO KILL ME?

SO YOU CAN  
CONTINUE TO LIVE...  
AND BELIEVE ME,  
BRIDGET, I WILL  
EXPLAIN-- IN TIME.

BUT RIGHT  
NOW, SOMETHING  
JUST DOESN'T  
MAKE SENSE...

ONLY ONE THING?  
AND WHICH ONE  
WOULD THAT BE,  
ACE OF MY  
HEARTS?

SHE SMILES  
TOO  
SWEETLY.

THIS "MOUTH" IS THE  
CONDUIT THROUGH  
WHICH THE TRICERATORS  
AND OTHER TIME-  
ICONS CROSSED TO  
THIS TEMPORAIN...

RIGHT.

RINALDO HUNG THE WATCH ON THAT  
BRANCH THERE -- IT'S ONE OF THE  
GATEWAY-LOCUS THE EBONATI DAME  
TOLD HIM ABOUT  
AT THE MUSEUM...

I DIDN'T HEAR THE  
OTHERS 'CAUSE MY EARS  
PLUGGED WHEN I ALMOST  
SNEEZED. BUT ANYWAY, I  
SHOT AT RINALDO --  
MISSED AND HIT THE  
WATCH...

...AND THAT'S WHEN THE  
MOUTH FLOWED OUT OF  
THE BULLET HOLE AND  
BEGAN SPITTING TIME-  
THINGS AT ME.

THEN RINALDO  
TURNED INTO RED-  
GAUNT AND YANKED  
THE WATCH OUT  
OF THE LOCUS.

THE MOUTH WAS,  
UM, HUSHED.

SO HE RAN OFF TO  
TRY AGAIN AT ONE OF  
THE OTHER GATEWAYS,  
PLANNING TO USE MY  
SLUG-SLIME AS--

YES, BUT...IF THIS  
TIMEHOLE WAS CREATED  
IMMEDIATELY AFTER  
YOU SHOT THE WATCH  
AND PREMATURELY  
MIXED THE TWO  
ORIGINAL SUBSTANCES--

--AND IF RED-GAUNT  
SUBSEQUENTLY PUT  
YOUR SLUG IN THE  
WATCH SO ITS  
SUBSTITUTE SLIME  
WOULD MIX WITH  
THE ACTIVE  
INGREDIENT...

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN,  
SHERLOCK! ORIGINALLY THE  
FUEL WAS IN A BLADDER-CYST  
INSIDE THE WATCH, TO BE  
PUNCTURED BY AN INTERNAL  
MECHANISM THIRTY MINUTES  
AFTER THE WATCH HANDS HIT  
2:30 -- GIVING RED-GAUNT  
TIME TO REACH HIS  
ESCAPE VEHICLE IN THE  
PERISPHERE ...

...BUT MY BULLET PIERCED  
THE BLADDER, MEANING HE  
CAN'T HAVE DONE WHAT HE  
ASSUMED HE DID--

--OR TIME WOULD'VE BEEN  
IMMEDIATELY DESTROYED,  
RATHER THAN THIRTY MINUTES  
AFTER HE PLANTED THE WATCH  
AT ANOTHER GATEWAY!



EXACTLY---SO EITHER HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO REACH ONE OF THE OTHER LOC...OR HE DECIDED NOT TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION ON A SUICIDE BASIS, WITHOUT THE THIRTY MINUTES LEEWAY TO ESCAPE ...

HMM...TOO BAD THERE'S ONE OTHER REMOTE POSSIBILITY...



WHAT, ACE?

HEAD CLAIMS THE COMBINATION OF SLUG-SLIME AND ANYTHING ELSE IS INSOLUBLE WITH WATER...

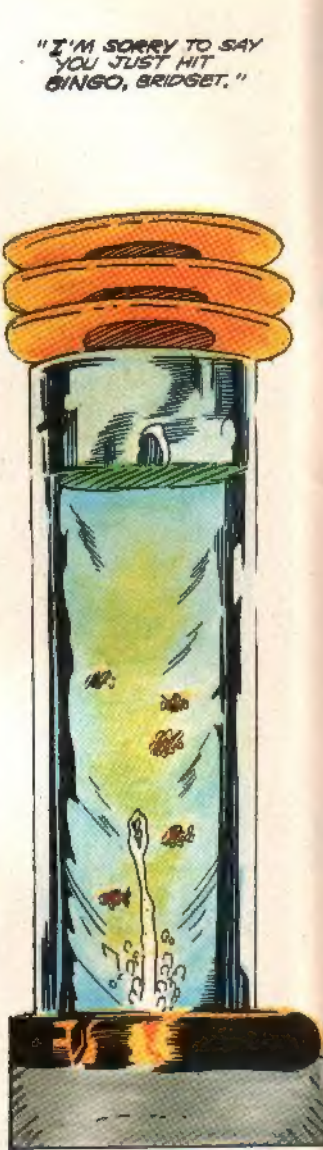
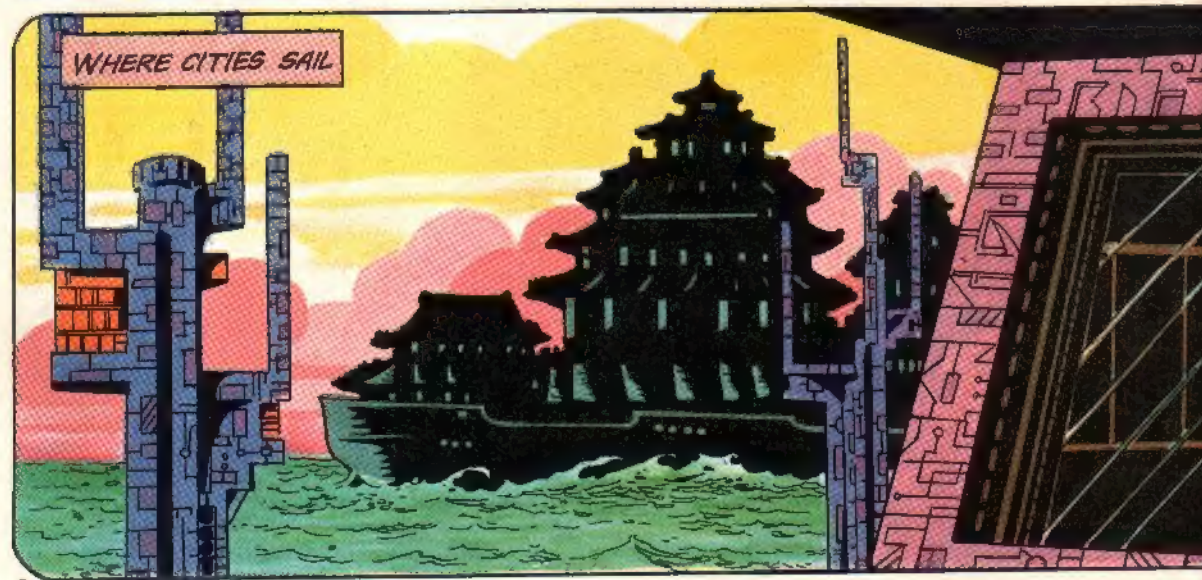
"...AND IF RED-SAUNT REACHED A LOCUS WHICH CORRESPONDS WITH A WATER-SITE ..."



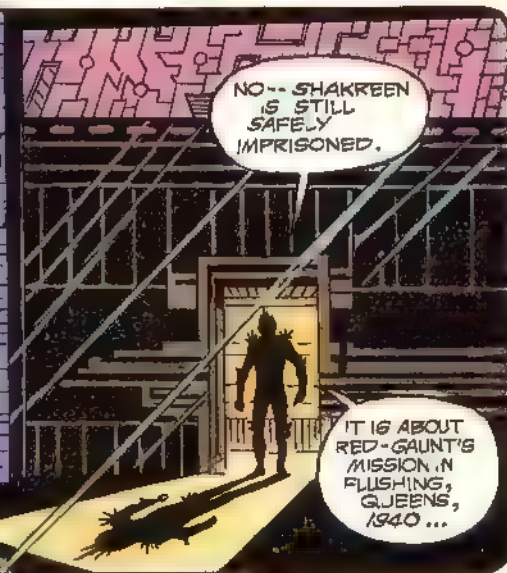
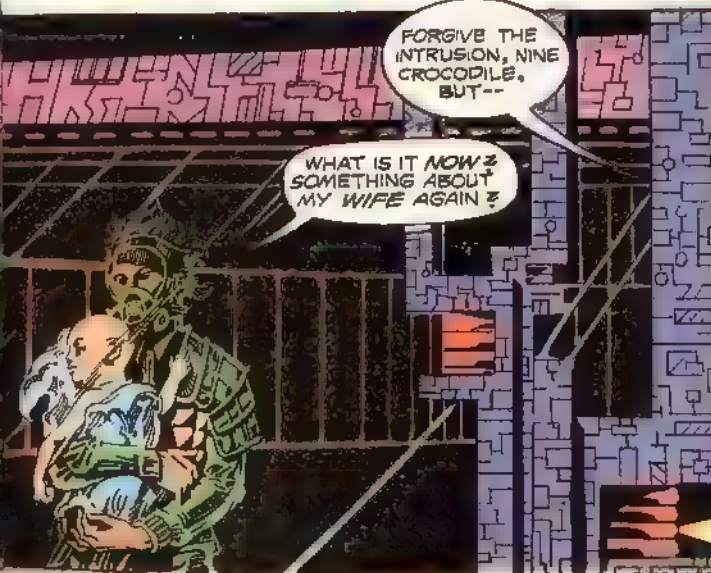
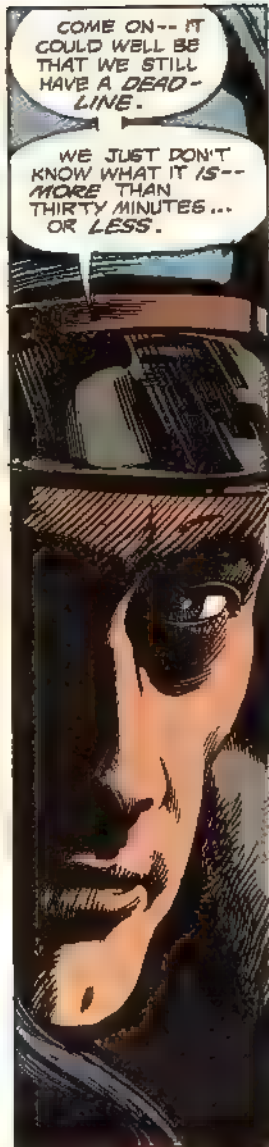
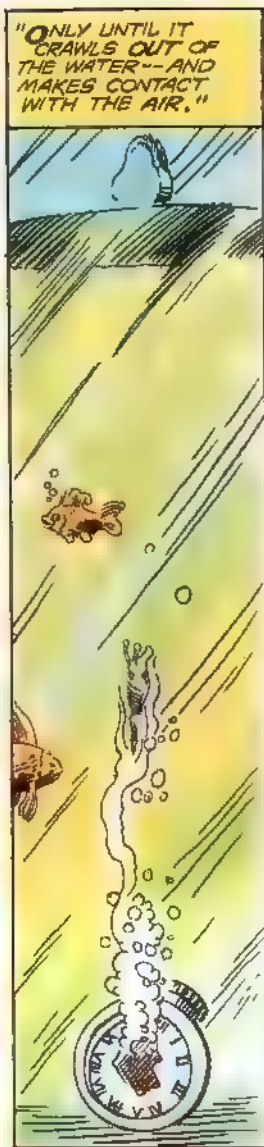
YOU MEAN... MAYBE HE ACTUALLY FOUND A WAY TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION... AND BUY HIMSELF TIME TO ESCAPE ?



"I'M SORRY TO SAY YOU JUST HIT BINGO, BRIDGET."





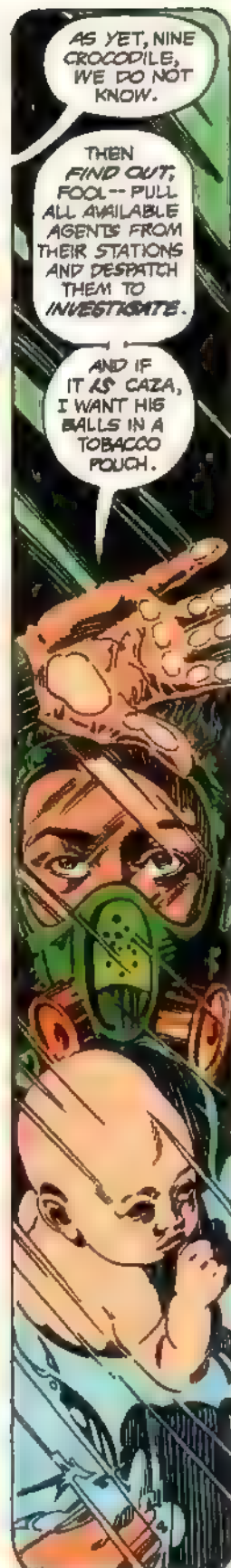




THE SUBJECTIVE DEADLINE HAS BEEN MET AND PASSED, AND—

AND THEIR DAMNED TIMELINE STILL EXISTS.

SAY NO MORE, CAZA AGAIN?



AS YET, NINE CROCODILE, WE DO NOT KNOW.

THEN FIND OUT, FOOL—PULL ALL AVAILABLE AGENTS FROM THEIR STATIONS AND DESPATCH THEM TO INVESTIGATE.

AND IF IT IS CAZA, I WANT HIS BALLS IN A TOBACCO POUCH.



MOLE OF CATHAY...

< YOU DO US GREAT HONOR, MARCO POLO... >

DICER OF CHRIST...

NORTHLAND REAVER—RAPER...

< HROLF KRAKI DOES NOT JOIN US ? >



23 SKIDOO.

BUT WHY NOW--?

CRISIS.

FORGET THE GARMENTS.

23 SKIDOO.

BUT IF I COULD HAVE PREVENTED THE SHROUD FROM EVER REACHING TURIN...

NEW ORDERS.

STONE AGE GRUBBER...

NINE CROCODILE'S DIRECT COMMAND-- AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT WALKING BRECT...

TIME IS SHORT.

< THE WOMAN LIRED HIM AWAY-- BUT WHO IS SHE ? >

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU RISK ?

LESS THAN YOU-- SHOULD YOU INCUR NINE CROCODILE'S DISPLEASURE.







...ALL JOIN HANDS OF CLOCK...

VREEB



BOIT



VREEB

BOIT

VREEB



BOIT



VREEB

BOIT

VREEB

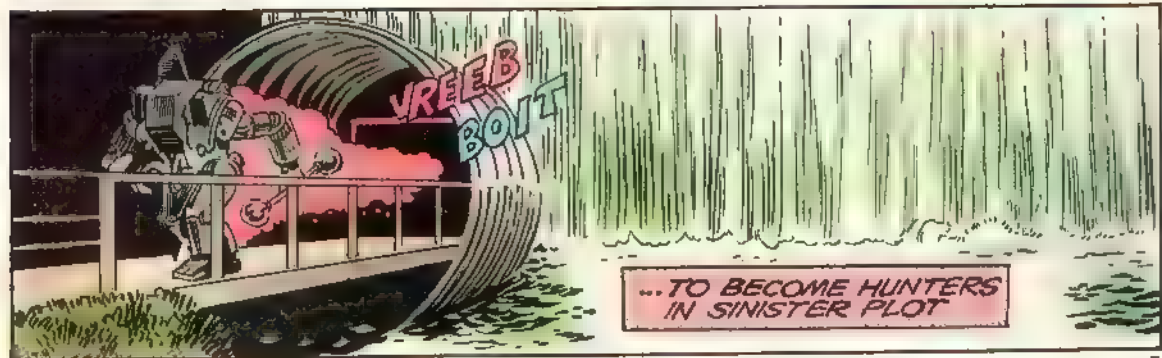


BOIT



VREEB

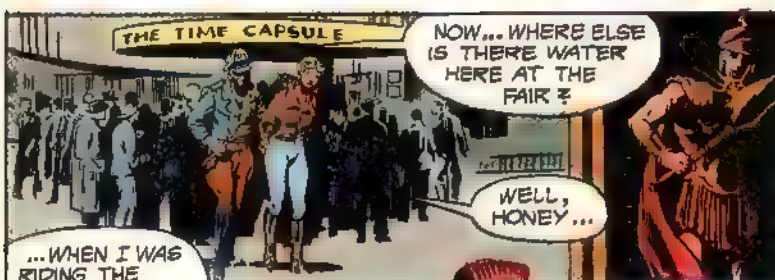
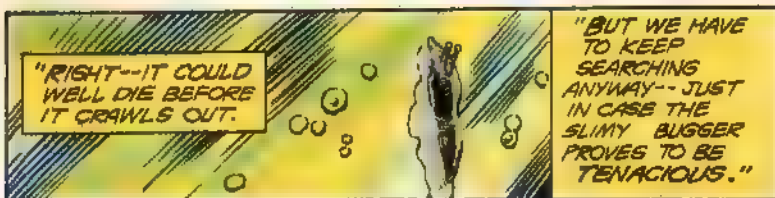
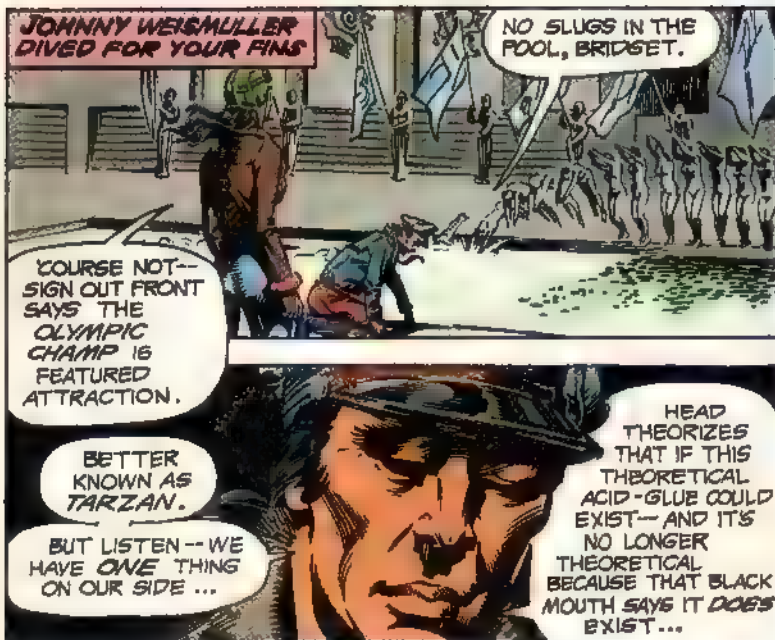
BOIT



VREEB  
BOIT

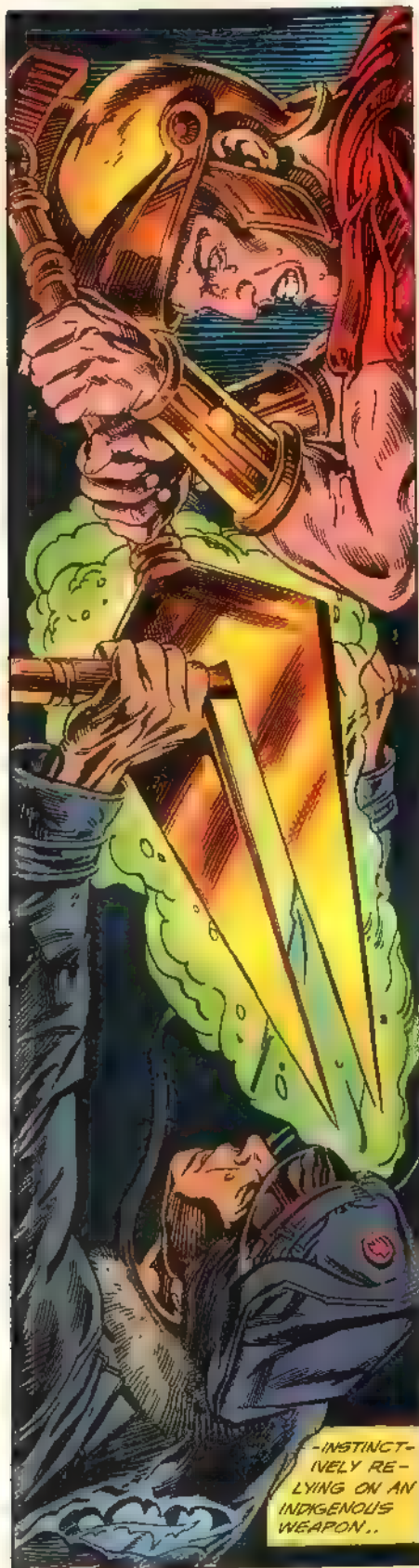
...TO BECOME HUNTERS  
IN SINISTER PLOT







HE'D BEEN IN THE FIELD TOO LONG, LEARNING HIS ROLE TOO WELL--



--INSTINCTIVELY RELYING ON AN INDIGENOUS WEAPON..



JUST WHAT WE NEEDED, BRIDGET--NEW DARK BOYS AFTER US.

SO IT BECOMES A THREE WAY RACE AGAINST TIME.

WE HAVE TO FIND THE SLUG BEFORE THE EBONATI FIND US-- WHILE THE EBONATI MUST FIND US BEFORE WE FIND THE SLUG.

... AND THE MISERABLE SLUG, IF IT IS IN WATER, MUST GET OUT BEFORE IT DIES --

-- NOT KNOWING ITS VERY SUCCESS WILL KILL IT, ALONG WITH EVERY ONE ELSE, IN THE WORST AND FINAL SHITSTORM OF TIME ON RECORD



HE FAILED AGAIN-- JUST AS HE DID WITH THE FEATHERED SERPENT IN 'FRISCO.



AHE, DRAGGING US AWAY FROM OUR OWN MISSIONS--JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO SAVE CUSTER'S LIFE.

AND JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO ASSASSINATE MARCO POLO.



AND I WAS ABOUT TO FOIL THE SACKING OF JUTELAND...THE IDIOT.





YOO-HOO BOO-BOO

HOPE HE BURNS  
FOREVER.

FOREVER'S NOT  
LONG ENOUGH,  
IF YOU ASK M--

HEY,  
BIG BOYS...

I HOPE YOU FALL  
UNDER THE CAT-  
EGORY OF AMUSE-  
MENT ATTRACT-  
IONS.

DON'T  
FALL FOR  
IT."

SHE CAN'T BE  
A NATIVE-TIMER  
IF SHE'S ABLE  
TO MOVE."

I WAS HOPING  
YOU WOULDN'T THINK  
OF THAT...

... AND SO  
MUCH FOR MY  
BLINDING  
CHARM."

NOW,  
BRIDGET!"

KILL HER,  
HROLF."

BUT I DID GET  
'EM TO FOLLOW  
ME INTO THE  
AMBUSH."

AMEN, AND  
NICE FOOT  
WORK."

THE BOW  
AND ARROW  
IS ONE  
INDIGENOUS  
WEAPON I  
NEVER  
LIKE TO  
FACE.

THAT CHINATOWN  
OF YOURS IS BETTER  
THAN THE REAL  
THING, BRIDGET

ALL A STATE  
OF MIND,  
ACEY-DEUCE.

OOOPH!"



I THROTTLE  
THE VIKING.

ALL OF YOU  
COME FROM ELSE-  
WHEN--ARE THERE  
SHIFT - VEHICLES  
STASHED ALL OVER  
THE FAIRGROUNDS?

N-NO... WE  
WERE DROPPED  
OFF--VEHICLES  
TAKEN BACK  
BY PILOTS...

AFTER MISSION...  
WE WERE ALL TO  
ESCAPE IN SAME  
VEHICLE--THE ONE  
IN THE PERISHERE,  
INTENDED FOR  
RED-GAUNT.

THEN AT LEAST  
THAT MAKES MY  
JOB EASIER.

NOT NICE,  
CAZA.

DON'T LOOK  
NOW, ACE, BUT...  
HOOBOY.

AND NOT-NICE  
CAZA MUST BE  
PUNISHED.

UH-OH

DOUBLE UH-OH

POINT BLANK  
AND NO EFFECT  
AT ALL.

IF I COULD EX-  
PERIENCE "MAD,"  
CAZA, YOU WOULD  
BE MAKING ME  
VERY MAD.

MOVE, BRIDGET--  
INTO THE GENERAL  
MOTORS EXHIBIT.

WHAT'S  
IN THERE?

FUTURAMA--  
--AND A PLACE  
TO HIDE!

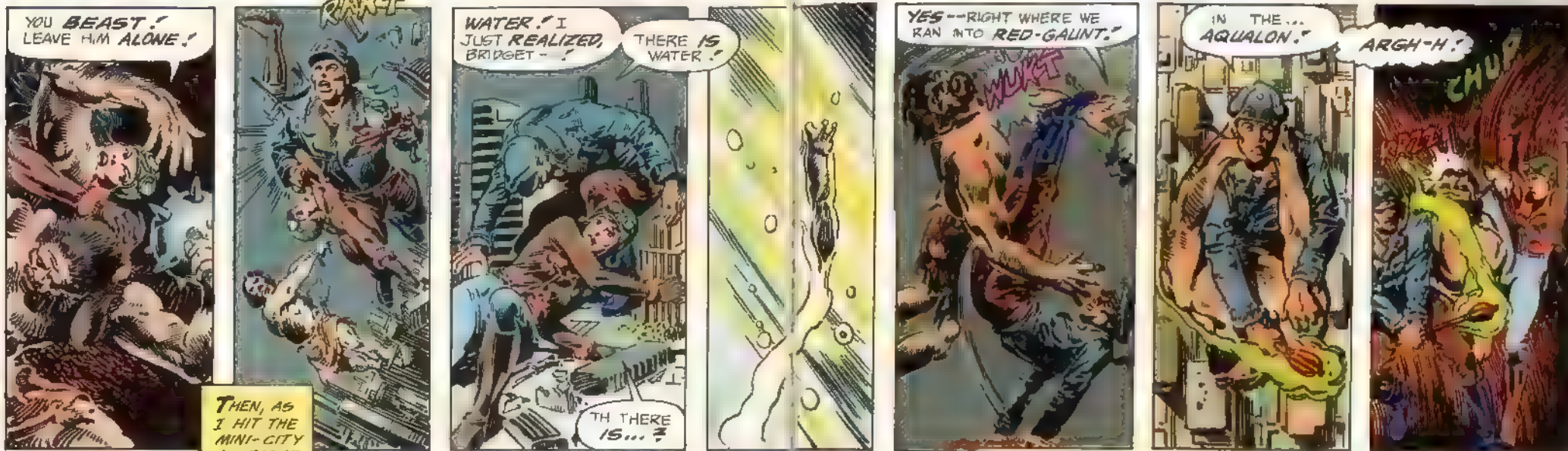


DAWN MAN IN  
CIVILIZATION'S  
TWILIGHT

THE MINIATURE "WORLD OF TOMORROW" WAS  
DESIGNED BY ARTHUR S. COPELAND, A  
SPECTACULAR IMAGINATION AND A VISIONARY  
...BUT HE GOT VIRTUALLY  
EVERYTHING WRONG.

THE TROUBLE WITH  
PREDICTIONS, BRIDGET, IS  
THAT WE ALWAYS FAIL TO  
SEE THE OBVIOUS...

YEAH? RIGHT NOW  
IT'S SO GLOOMY  
IN HERE I CAN'T  
SEE ANYTH--





# REBUILDING A WORLD OF FALSE TOMORROW

THAT GUY'S A GOOD ARGUMENT AGAINST EVOLUTION-- HE WAS TOUGH.

BUT WHAT ARE WE STANDIN' HERE FOR, ACE? LET'S GET OUR FANNIES OVER TO THAT AQUALON.

ONE THING FIRST, BRIDGET-- TIME TO ERAD- ICATE ALL EVIDENCE OF THE PARADOX WE'VE CREATED HERE...

I EXTRUDED THE SCRAM- BACK'S ROD--

... BEFORE IT CREATES A DOXIE- GLITCH--

-- TO COMPLICATE OUR MISSION EVEN FURTHER.

VEEBEEBEEB

-- AND LEFT FUTURAMA THE WAY WAS, FOR THE FUTURE.

WE'LL COME BACK FOR HIM LATER-- IF WE SUCCEED.

## SON OF ELEKTRO THE MOTOMAN

I WAS RIGHT, BRIDGET-- SEE THAT HOLE BURNED NEAR THE TOP?

THAT'S HOW RED- GAUNT MUST'VE GOT- TEN THE SLUG AND WATCH INSIDE...

AND THAT "SPECK" MUST BE THE SLUG?

IT'S ALMOST REACHED THE SURFACE -- BUT WE'RE STILL IN TIME.

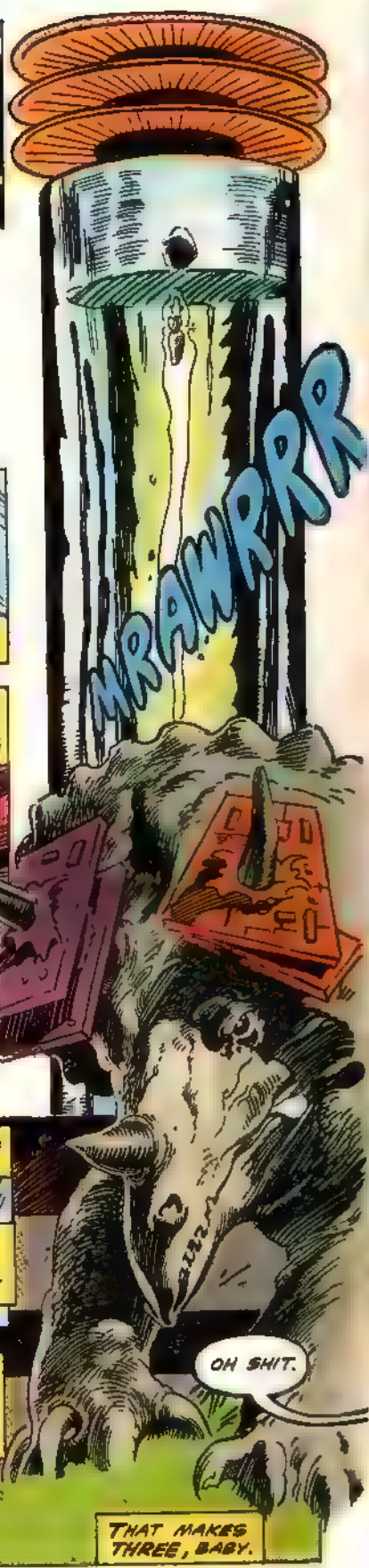
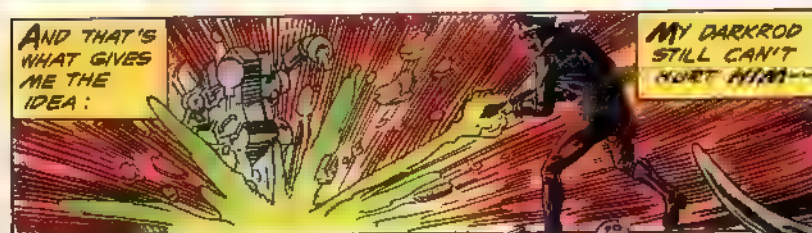
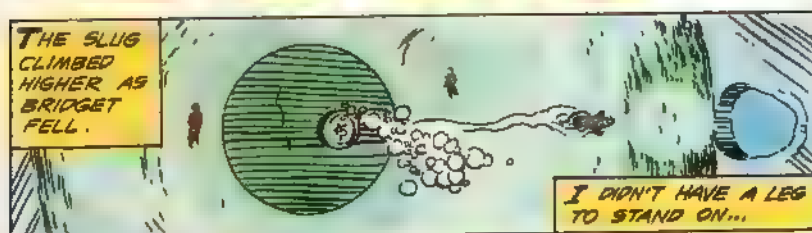
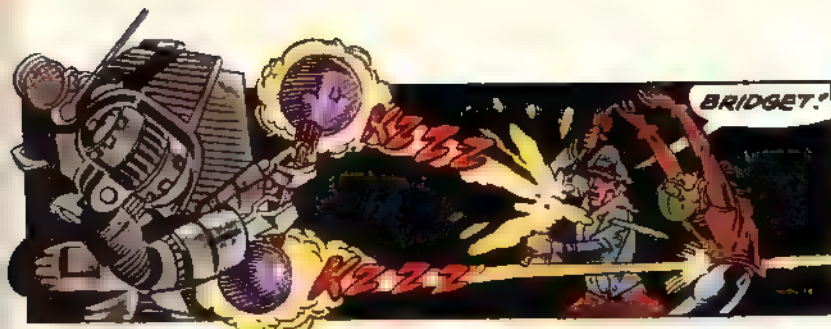
BUT EVEN AS WE RACE FOR THE AQUALON --

-- OUT LUMBERS THE ROBOT, LIKE A RERUN OF THE EARLIER TRIGERA- TOPS ...

LH-UH, CAZA-- NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY.

A DARKROD -- AS IF WE NEEDED PROOF HE WAS FROM KROK'S SCRAPHEAD...





THAT MAKES THREE, BABY.



## TIME BOMBED

THE THING MUST'VE BASHED ITS PEABRAIN SILLY ON THE CONTROL PANELS--BECAUSE GO-BILE DISORIENTATION DOESN'T LAST THIS LONG--WOULDN'T MAKE HIM LURCH DRUNKENLY INTO THE AQUALON--

--COULDN'T CAUSE HIM TO SMASH THE AQUALON--

NO OTHER EXPLANATION FOR THE SUDDEN SHITSTORM OF TIME--AFTER WE'D COME SO EXCRUCIATINGLY CLOSE TO PREVENTING IT--

BUT NOW IT WAS RAINING, AND SOON EVERYTHING WOULD NEVER HAVE EXISTED.

SO I SCOOP UP SLUG AND WATCH, CALLING THROUGH A FIERCE WIND OF STEREOPTICONS, TOASTERS, AND COMPUTER DIODES.

COME ON, BRIDGET!

ACE...WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?

PLAYING HERO, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

ACE, MY EARS ARE HUMMING AND I THINK MY HEART IS...IS BLEEDING OR SOMETHING.

--BECAUSE THAT GATEWAY'S ALREADY BEEN BREACHED AND IS THEREFORE THE WEAKEST LOCUS OF ATTENUATION.

AND THEN EVEN THE MOUTH IS GONE--SUCKED BACK INTO THE WATCH--

I HANG THE WATCH ON THE SAME BRANCH--

## TIME BALM

I AM THE SQUISHY SLUG AND IT'S SLING THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE, SMEARING THE ACID-GLUE IN--

AND THEN I TURN THE HANDS OF THE WATCH BACK-- TO 2:29-- ONE MINUTE BEFORE 2:30.

KLIK

GRAB ONTO ME, BRIDGET--HOLD ME TIGHT.

ACE...THE MOUTH...IT... IT JUST SHIFTED INTO REVERSE.

IT STOPPED SPITTING STUFF OUT OF TIME.

NOW IT...IT'S SUCKING EVERYTHING BACK.

ONE LAST CHANCE BEFORE THE TIMESTORM BUILDS TO A FINAL PEAK OF COLLIDING ERAS.

ONLY EVERYTHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG HERE, BRIDGET.

EVERYTHING'S N-NORMAL AGAIN... BUT...H-HOW'D YOU DO THAT?!

DAMNED IF I KNOW...

BUT THE POOR SLUG WAS PROBABLY SUFFERING ONE HELL OF A BILLYACHE.

--MURTLING WATCH AND SLUG-- PLEASE, NO.--FROM WATER TO AIR.

SO HE MUST HAVE BASHED HIS PEABRAIN SILLY...

WHAT THE HELL; IF I'M GOING TO DIE INSIDE-OUT... I MIGHT AS WELL GO--AND-NEVER-COME IN RIDICULOUS GLORY.



# SMOKY MOTIONS



IN SITUATIONS LIKE THAT, SOMETIMES ANY PARADOX IS POSSIBLE.

LET'S JUST SAY THIS IS ONE TIME THE ORACLE SMILED ON US...

AND ON ALL THE NATIVE-TIMERS TOO...

UNCLE ERNIE'S ORANGE JUICE STAND



...WHO, LIKE STATUES COME TO LIFE--

UNCLE ERNIE'S ORANGE JUICE STAND



--FINALLY COMPLETE THEIR MOVES.

EH? HOW'D I GET DOWN HERE? MUST'VE FALLEN SOMEHOW--BUT I DON'T REMEMBER A THING. ONE MOMENT I WAS COMING OUT OF THE ITALIA PAVILION AND THE NEXT--



MAYBE YOU OUGHTTA SEE A DOCTOR, MAC.



ACE...WILL IT SOUND THE SAME...AFTER I'M DEAD?

BETTER, BRIDGET.

BUT I WANT HER SO MUCH IT MAY BE A LIE.

# LOGGING EPILOGUES

NIGHT FINALLY REACHES TOWN. AN EBON DREAM COMING HOME...

AND A DARK-SKINNED WOMAN, LOST IN THE DEPTHS OF HER SOUND, SINGS ABOUT SLOW TRAINS SLIDING IN RHYTHM UNDER A LARGE MOON.

THE MOOD IS MELANCHOLY, BUT IN ITS BITTER-SWEETNESS THE SWEET OUTWEIGHS THE BITTER...

WE EMERGE AT DAWN, ONE HUNDRED STREETS NORTH OF A TRASHCAN...

NICE TIME TO BE IN NEW YORK.

NICE TIME TO BE ALIVE.

BAD TIME TO BE CHECKING OUT.

BUT HEAD IS PROBABLY WORRIED.

YES--YOU'D BETTER TAKE OUR "CAR" AND I'LL TAKE RINALDO'S--CAN'T LEAVE IT IN THE PERISPHERE.

A MORE ROMANTIC PROPOSITION I'VE NEVER HEARD.

WE'LL LINK UP ABOARD THE A.C.E. IN THE GOLDEN MELD.

AND SO SHE HOPS THE IRT TO 23RD STREET...



...AS I RETURN TO THE FAIR'S WORLD OF TOMORROW.

FAREWELL, DEMOCRACY.

WELCOME BACK, RED RYDER

VREEB

NOW THAT THE EBONATI SHIFTVEHICLE HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE PARADOX PRONE TEMPORAIN OF THE PERISPHERE--



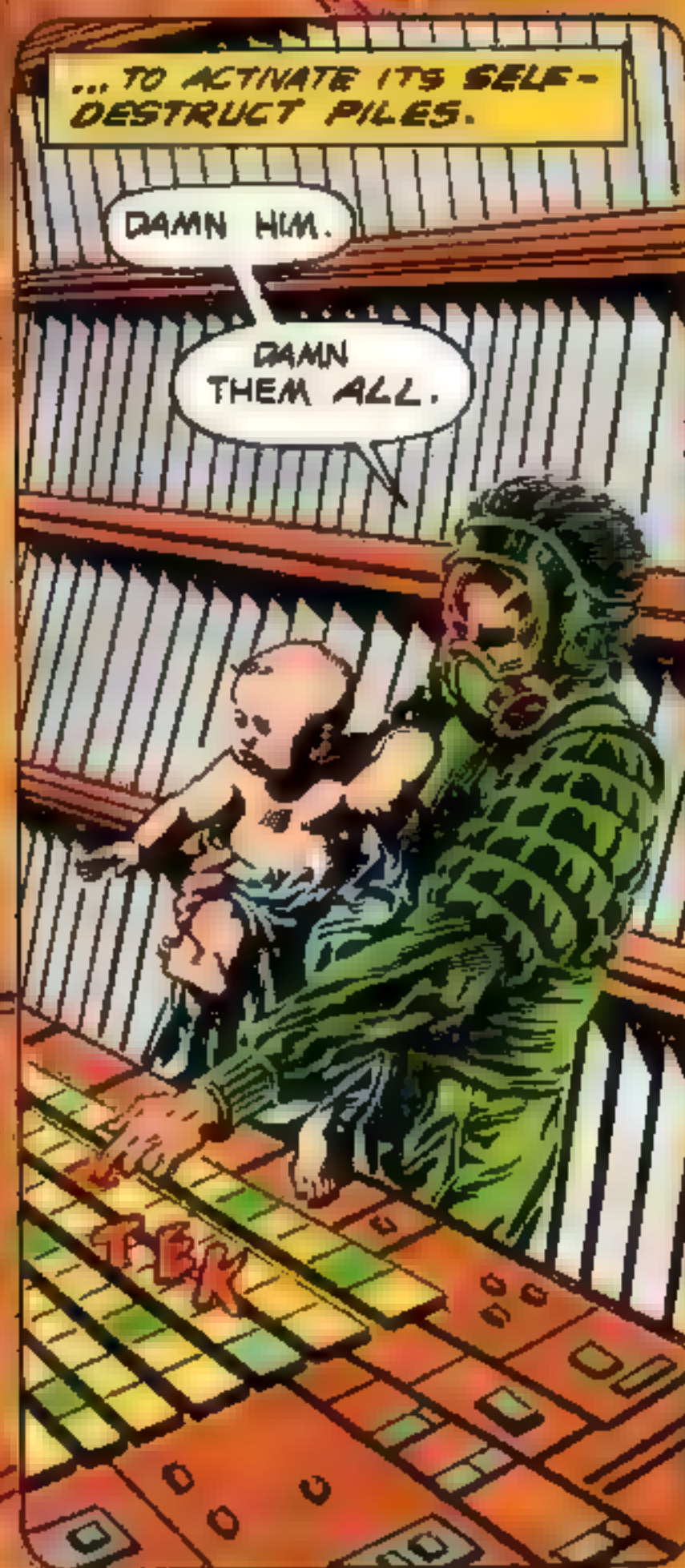
...IT CAN SIMPLY DRIFT HERE IN THE MELD...

...UNTIL KROK LEARNS THE FINAL FATE OF RINALDO RED-GAUNT'S MISSION...



...AND GETS PISSED ENOUGH...

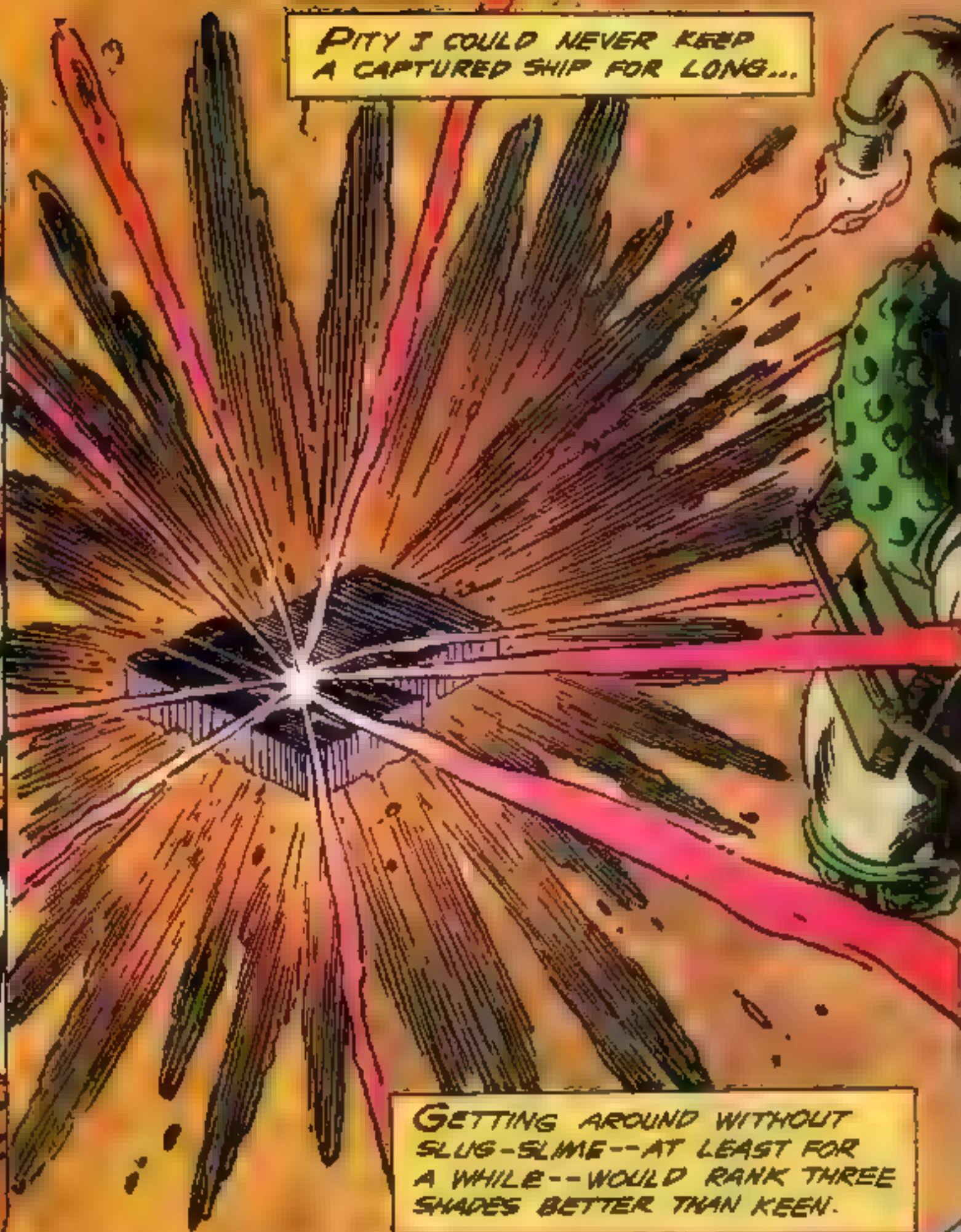




... TO ACTIVATE ITS SELF-DESTRUCT PILES.

DAMN HIM.

DAMN THEM ALL.



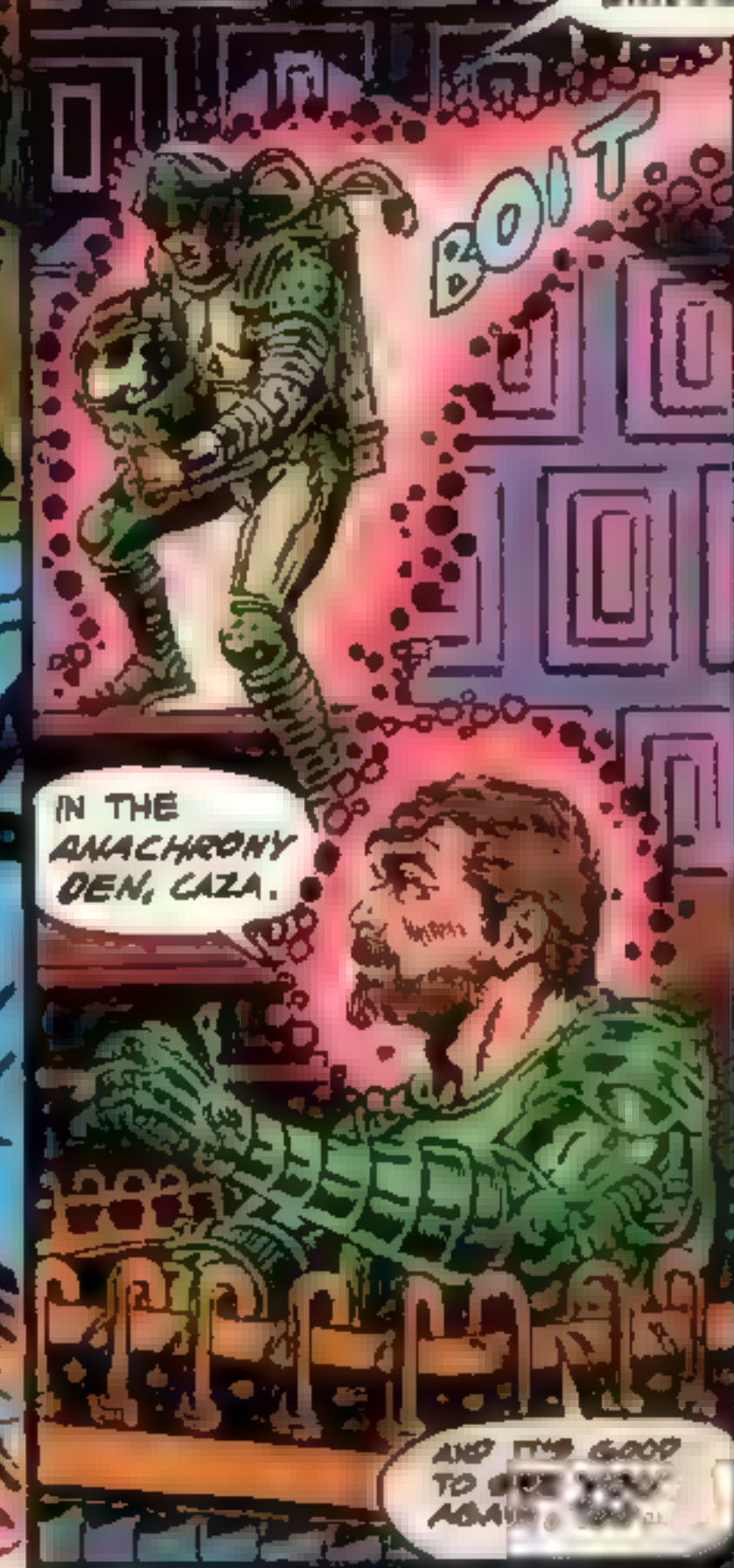
PITY I COULD NEVER KEEP A CAPTURED SHIP FOR LONG...

GETTING AROUND WITHOUT SLUG-SLIME--AT LEAST FOR A WHILE--WOULD RANK THREE SHADES BETTER THAN KEEN.



THEIR COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS ARE GETTING FASTER, TEMPUS.

WHERE'S BRIDGET?



IN THE ANACHRONY DEN, CAZA.

AND IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TEMPUS.



OH GOD, I'M SORRY, TEMPUS--I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE SHORT WITH YOU. IT'S JUST THAT I'M ANXIOUS TO--

BELIEVE ME, I UNDERSTAND. INDEED, IF I DIDN'T, WHO WOULD?



EVERYTHING TRACES BACK TO SEX. NOW GO ON--GO TO HER. I'LL SET OUR DESTINATION. TENOCHTITLAN 1518?

YES...MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME FOR A WHILE--AT LEAST UNTIL BRIDGET PREPARES HERSELF FOR WHAT MUST BE DONE...



BUT YOUR ANALYSIS, AS EVER, IS ONLY PARTIALLY CORRECT. IT'S NOT JUST SEX, HEAD...



"IT'S LOVE."



HEAD TOOK US ONE MINUTE AHEAD FOR A FEW HOURS--LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE A BATH AND FIND THIS PARTY DRESS AND BAKE A CAKE...



MY THROAT... THICKENS.

HOPE IT'S GOOD--I'M A REAL HOT-PLATE ANNIE, Y'KNOW, NEVER MUCH GOOD AT BAKING OR--



IT'S WONDERFUL, BRIDGET... WHAT-EVER ITS TASTE.

THEN SIT DOWN, WHY DON'TCHA?

I'LL PUNCH OUT "RUNAROUND SUE" ON THE BOX AND--



NO.

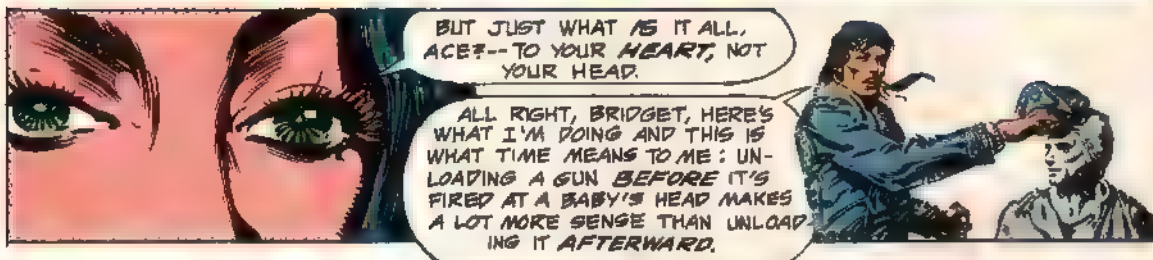
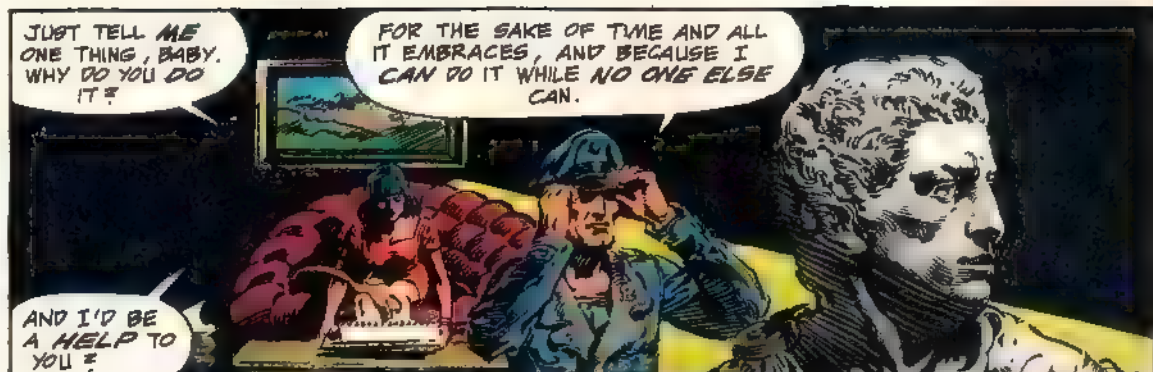
BEFORE WE GO ANY FARTHER THERE'S ONE THING I'VE GOT TO KNOW. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO STAY WITH ME, BRIDGET... KNOWING WHAT IT MEANS?



I...

I'VE BEEN ASKING MYSELF THAT QUESTION A LOT, ACE...









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#### DAVEY COME LATELY

I just finished issue 29, so let me offer my most sincere kudos on a job well done. The story was of course terrific. However, I don't think it was absolutely necessary to have Bridget running around in the nude throughout the entire issue. Sure, the success of the bath scenes in issues 1, 10 and 17 can't be ignored, but don't you think you're getting just a wee bit blatant? (Still, I must admit, I enjoyed the "Bridget Takes a Bath" mini-series back in '86. . .)

I was especially satisfied with this issue's successful conclusion to the H.G. Wells teamwork storyline. I showed it to my doctor and garbage collector and both got a real kick out of the scene where H.G. goes back to the Mesozoic to secretly dress in drag. I was kinda worried, at the time, by a persistent humming from my trash can, and I could've sworn I saw a head momentarily pop out. . .

Speaking of same, I hope Tempus Fugit wasn't too upset when Reuben made him give the body back to Luther.

After finishing issue 28 I sat down and reread all of the stories published thus far and now I'm convinced you're right. The unavoidable residue from temporal displacement incurred by traversing the forward flow of time inevitably accumulates at the edges of the timestream. This must create a temporal/historical density along certain "time banks" as well as complementary deficiencies along others. A perfectly scientific explanation for the "slow news day." Is there any truth to the Nobel Prize rumors?

Well, thanks for lending an ear, but let me finish with a single gripe, since I'm completely miffed by the outcome of the Name-the-Camel contest. I really don't see why my entry was rejected; he certainly looked like a Hubert to me.

P.S. If you're still puzzling out the answer to Steve Venidas' question in issue 27's Vreebs it's "Clint Eastwood, 1972." Look it up!

Dave Gettrey  
19211 Welby Way  
Reseda, Calif. 91335

We didn't have to, David; Bridget just got back from then and confirmed all. (She also reports that Clint hopes to get Frazetta to do a poster for one of his movies someday. . .)

But please, People, we've asked you *time and again*. We're really trying to keep these Vreebs as timely as possible, so do your part by confining your comments to the very latest issue published. After all, now that Krok has succeeded, ancient history is dead, not to mention outdated, obsolete, and inoperative.

As for the Name-the-Camel Contest, you *were* one of the winners, David — you just won't know it yet.

#### MARKING LINES IN TIME

You guys are doing one helluva job and I mean it! Though Michael Hernandez's pencils are missed, I don't think anyone could have any complaints about Dan Day. (Mr. Day, I first encountered your work in *Swamp Thing* no. 20 — brilliant!) And I must say Nestor Redondo's inks

give **AZTEC ACE** a mood all its own. Also, Denis and Phil's coloring is nothing short of perfect.

But I just don't know what to say about Doug Moench. This guy is darn clever (does his homework, too!) and is the only writer for **AZTEC ACE**. The day he leaves this book is the day I stop buying it. But you wouldn't do that to me, would you, Doug? This book is the best! But what's all this about Caza wanting to kill Bridget? I demand an answer!

P.S. Tempus Fugit kicks, and I can tell his favorite group is The Cure. Am I right?

Mark V. Sharar  
3669 Cliffside Drive  
Rancho Palos Verdes  
California 90274

In fittingly reverse order, Mark, Tempus Fugit's "favorite group" is either the Vienna Symphony Orchestra circa 1882 or the Plezo Rotary Auditory Nerve Interface Boomers of 23rd century vintage — depending on how much influence his intellectual vessel is exerting at any given time. (Freud prefers the former, Head himself the latter.)

Caza/Ace killing Bridget? The answer you demand will be found next issue — in "Murdericide."

Since I "own" **AZTEC ACE**, the day I "leave the book" is the day the book leaves us all.

Parting thanks to Denis McFarling for all the great jobs (he's now off coloring **ZOT!** full time) — and now that Phil DeWalt is handling the colors solo, whaddaya think?

And of course Dan Day and Nestor Redondo — they who form a unique fusion of kinetic storytelling smoothly and cleanly rendered — both thank ye mightily.

#### FOR DRY CHINS ONLY

All right, Dougie-boy, you've sold me on this **AZTEC ACE** deal. I'm hooked. The first four issues have been a page by page delight, and the future (or the past, as the case may be) looks to be equally delightful.

A warm welcome to Dan Day — who is doing stunning, just stunning work on the recent issues. The art in no. 4 was particularly breathtaking, and the image of the weeping sarcophagus (so masterfully done) chilled my blood. I've always had an avid interest, nay love, for ancient Egypt, so this tender image was especially moving to me . . . so melancholy, yet so majestic.

Now, about the writing. Doug, your work has been witty, articulate, and of course exciting, and such a combination is certain to make **AZTEC ACE** a classic. Perhaps not a best-seller, but a true classic in all the ways that count. The reason I have reservations about sales is because too many readers resist the idea of kicking their brains into gear and using them for more than the insulation of their sinuses. As Dave Sim has said, we've got to sit up straight and wipe the drool from our mouths. But having worked in a comic shop for a while, I'd have to say the drool is still running in torrents, unfortunately.



AZTEC ACE's team should be commended for their outstanding work and evident respect for the readership. And that is worth a thousand thanks

Richard Castelli  
1142 Moody Road  
North Fort Myers,  
Florida 33903

You're probably right, Richard, in predicting less than blockbuster sales for AZTEC ACE (or any other independently published title), but in view of the double challenge posed (to the book's success in the current marketplace, and to the reader approaching the rather dense storylines), we're satisfied with what we've achieved. AZTEC ACE is selling right up there near the top of the Eclipse lineup and for now that'll do. . .

#### DAVEY, MEET GARRIE

A. ACE! Azure cross time, express more feelings, a little more ace-y goingness, caza don't know if icon take Moench more of this past, present and future tense-ness

Ever since you dropped ol' Bridge over the river (Kwai? I ask) in issue seven, de manner of your demeanor has been most downsetting — proving once again that Time Does Not Pay. Sure it's not your fault (or are you?), but it's not Andea's fault either. Where the fault actually lies is in the crack Siggie made in issue 23 about forever beating you in races 'cause he always stays a-Head. Why else would you put an aviator's mask on the camel and call him Sopwith? Maybe you Doug recent 'issues of that other 'Tec where they reviled that 50s Ace with the cold nose. Admittedly Sopwith *does* give a new leash on life to the old pet sidekick idea, and his front and back kicks ain't bad neither. . .

As you can probably tell, folks, I really get a cerebral bang out of this book. With the ever-growing number of titles braying for my bucks, it's awfully nice to have a standard of excellence like AZTEC ACE to shoo away the inferior product. Alan Moore's *Swamp Thing* is up there with Caza, as is (thanks, Cat!) Will Eisner's *Spirit*.

And though I knew I enjoyed this book from the start, I never realized how quickly I'd come to care for the *characters* until your mention of Bridget's fate (in issue three's Vreebs). There goes my theory that Ace and Bridget would have a son who'd grow up to be Nine-Crocodile and who would in turn have a son with Shakreen who would grow up to be Caza.

But them's the breaks. After all, this book's unpredictability is still another reason the cover price doesn't hurt. When issue seven comes along, I might find that Bridget gets stuck in the late sixties learning guitar from Jerry Garcia. Grateful indeed!

I'd be grateful if you'd clear up some questions: 1) Was your explanation in issue one of the "worlds within worlds" deliberately vague or am I just dense? 2) Are the changes from the end of one issue to the beginning of the next — i.e. Bridget's bringing the slug to Head — deliberate and part of the plot or just artistic license? 3) What reason did Ace have to witness Ben's key moment near the end of issue one? Was it just to sodden his chips — and if so, how come? And 4) What am I doing wasting your time with questions when you've got to get the next issue to the printer?

P.S. Tell Ace thanks for clearing up the little Doxie Glitch that was keeping the Chicago Cubs from having a winning team all these years. Though I've been in St. Louis a little over a year now, I retain a fondness for those Scrubbies. Ho-o-o-ly Cow!!

Garrie Burr  
759 Leland, 2-N  
St. Louis, Mo 63130

Not Sopwith, Garrie — Hubert.

Your theory is all wrong but nevertheless stunningly accurate; stay tuned. Bridget's fate will be revealed next issue.

1) Read issue one's Five-Worlds explanation again. . .

slowly. You're not dense, but it is.

2) Both

3) To reassure himself that a key moment was still locked in its proper time-place — that the Ebonati had indeed failed to assassinate Ben — and that someday lightbulbs would go on above Bridget's head.

4) Being curious and involved in our stories, I assume — for which we are flattered. Thank you

I lived in Chicago for 23 years and not one of them was a winning season for the Cubs. The grass sure was green at Wrigley, though. Nice Ivy on the outfield walls, too. And now that I get my media coverage from Philadelphia, and thus "root for" that city's team, it figures the Cubs would finally start trouncing the Phillies.

#### THESE GARDEN SHEARS FOR HIRE

There aren't many comics you have to read a dozen times before you "get it," but AZTEC ACE is one of them. And don't get me wrong; that was a compliment. Most comics are so simple-minded that you can skip a page and still understand what little is going on. . .

I compare reading AZTEC ACE with reading a physics textbook; you have to read *very* slowly and *very* carefully to pick up *everything*. Even then, you may have to go back a few times. I made the mistake, at first, of trying to read ACE very quickly, sort of skimming, as I read other comics, and as a result I ended up completely confused. But now I have the formula: Read slowly and *think* while doing so, and maybe — just maybe — you'll get it all.

Keep up the good work and I'll see you whenever the next issue comes out. Monthly? Bimonthly? Whenever-it's-ready?

Rose Hunter  
(no address given)

Every six weeks, Cat says, but monthly once in a while. Or, put another way, six issues in seven months. That's 10.285713 issues per year. Then again, since time is malleable, does it matter?

Cat also says AZTEC ACE IS AN "intelligence test" — but a physics textbook, huh? Please. . . the stories are admittedly dense, Rose. . . but *please* say you're exaggerating. I *hate* physics textbooks.

#### DERIC, MEET DAVEY AND GARRIE

When I first read your book it confused me yet I knew what was going on! Not since *American Flagg!* have I felt this way — and *Flagg!* is now in my top three favorite books, right behind *DNAgents* and *Teen Titans*. . . but it's in danger of being quickly replaced if AZTEC ACE stays this good.

What I like best about your book is that I can't read it in ten minutes; ACE makes the reader think, a demand rarely made by comics these days. And the art is great, but where the hell did Dan Day come from? (He's even better than Michael, but don't tell M. I said that. . .)

But really, issue 24 was even better than the preceding 23 issues. . .

P.S. Okay, I give up. Just where is the Vreebs address? A letter written and nowhere to send it. . .

Deric Townsend  
7017 Flintrock Road  
Charlotte, NC 28214

It got here, though, didn't it?

Next issue's the one Bridget's been waiting for, not to mention Dan Day's best work to date, Nestor Redondo's usual fine polish, and pinball connoisseurs won't want to miss a single flipper-whip or free ball. The high score is: MURDICIIDE!

And remember. . . Discriminating Vreebers of every era agree: An Ace in the now is worth three in the Cretaceous, so pass your time with AZTEC ACE — a blast from the past via the future.

— Doug



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